

# Fire-side Companion.

To which are added,

*COLIN and PHEBE.*

*The Sailor's Farewel to his  
Sweetheart, with the Answer.*

*King JOHN and the Bishop of  
CANTERBURY.*



Entered according to Order.



## THE FIRE-SIDE COMPANIONS.

**Y**OU fire-side companions who merrily bouse,  
Along with your neighbours a reading the news,  
O little you mind, and as little you know,  
The hardships and dangers we sailors undergo.

But in time of war we are first in command,  
Like heroes of valour we boldly do stand,  
We are the glory of Britain and terror of Spain,  
And who are so free as the sons of the main.

You jolly brave farmers that follow the plow,  
A reading our proceedings your joys to renew:  
And pray for our success, as justly you may,  
Which makes you in safety at home for to stay.

You fire-side companions who love and admire,  
Whose roaring cannons ne'er sound in your ear,  
Who ne'er durst appear to fight in your lives,  
Unless with your neighbour or else with your wives.

You flunkies and barbers who flaunting do go,  
At church and at market are reckon'd a beau;  
Who ne'er were exposed where bullets do fly,  
Wou'd make you to tremble with tears in your eye.

Like us jolly-sailors that bound to the main,  
Expos'd to the fury of both France and Spain;  
Tho' friends and relations our absence do mourn,  
In laurels of victory I hope we'll return.

There's many left their parents, & others their wives,  
Who now for their country are vent'ring their lives,  
Upon the raging seas where cannons do roar,  
While you here in safety remain on the shore.

You fire-side companions I'll bid you adieu,  
Our stay is but short and time won't allow,

Our stay is but short, and we must away,  
The banners of Great Britain once more to display.

Our name is victory, our hearts they are true,  
Therefore now make haste and join in our crew,  
For brave volunteers are all our delight,  
Who now for our country so freely will fight.

The glory of Britain we'll now make to shine,  
To conquer or die boys, it is our design;  
Since we on the seas must take our chance,  
Like brave British heroes we'll boldly advance.

Come fill up your bumpers and let them go round,  
To our sailors and soldiers the pillars of the crown;  
For unto their praise we'll merrily sing,  
Success to our Navy and long live the King.

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G O L I N   A N D   P H E B E.

**B**E still, O ye winds, and attentive ye swains,  
'Tis Phebe invites and replies to my strains,  
The sun never rose on (search all the world thro')  
A shepherd so blest, or a fair one so true. A &c.

P H E B E.

Glide softly ye streams, O ye nymphs round me throng,  
'Tis Colin commands and enlivens my song,  
Search all the world over you never can find,  
A maiden so blest or a shepherd so kind. A &c.

G O L I N.

'Tis love like the sun that gives life to the year,  
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear;  
Our pleasure it brightens, drives sorrow away,  
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day. &c.

With Phebe beside me the season how gay,  
And winter's black months are as pleasant as May;  
The Summer's gay verdure still springs as the trees,  
And linnets and nightingales sing thro' the trees.



## P H E B E.

When Colin is absent, 'tis winter all round,  
How faint is the sunshine, how barren the ground !  
Instead of the linnets the nightingale's song,  
I hear the hoarse raven croak all the night long. &c.

## C O L I N.

O'er hill, dale and valley my Phebe and I,  
Together shall wander, and love shall be by,  
Poor Colin shall wander safe all the long day,  
And Phebe at night all his pains shall repay, &c.

## P H E B E.

By moon-light when shadows glide over the plain,  
His kisses shall cheer me, his arms shall sustain,  
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,  
And sleep in a church-yard if Colin be near. &c.

## C O L I N.

Ye shepherds that wanton it over the plain,  
How fleeing your transports how lasting your pain,  
Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,  
And learn to be happy from Phebe and me. And &c.

## P H E B E.

Ye nymphs who the pleasures of love never try'd,  
Attend to my strains and take me for your guide,  
Your hearts keep from pride and inconstancy free,  
And learn to be happy from Colin and me.  
And learn to be happy from Colin and me.

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## THE SAILOR'S FAREWEL to his SWEETHEART.

OUR ship is well rigged and ready to sail,  
May the heaven's protect us with a prosperous gale,  
The Captain commands and we must obey,  
I with ev'ry moment it were a long day.

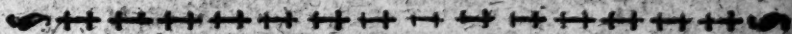
Consider my Molly there's many a hard gale,  
 There's many a bitter storm we meet as we sail:  
 But what is all that compar'd unto this,  
 To be forc'd from my true-love with a poor parting kiss?

Not only a kiss love, but I'll leave you my heart,  
 I'll go heartless to sea, and heartless we'll part,  
 I'll leave you my heart and almost my life;  
 And when I return I will make you my wife.

A twelve month and more long voyage it will be,  
 And a troublesome voyage it will be unto me;  
 But still in my mind I'll remember your face,  
 When I'm a thousand leagues off from this place.

Every Saturday's night we drink to our wives,  
 We mind them as duly as we do our own lives;  
 And when the punch bowl comes into my hand,  
 I'll drink to pretty Molly that I left on dry land.

This health shall not be drunk love by one or by two,  
 But it shall be pledged by the jovial ships crew,  
 Whilst others stand by with a full flowing bowl,  
 I'll drink to pretty Molly the delight of my soul.



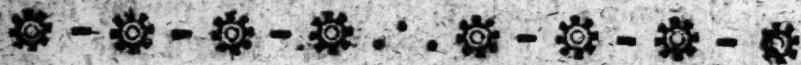
### T H E   A N S W E R.

**P**RAY leave off your courtship for it's all in vain,  
 Young men do delight our sex to disdain,  
 For I never lov'd any, nor don't think I can,  
 For I am too young to love a sea man.

Young men are deceitful, I see very plain,  
 They oft do delight our sex for to gain,  
 But soon as they find they have gain'd our consent,  
 They leave us in sorrow then for to lament.

You say when you're absent my face you'll mind,  
 But when you're absent you'll change like the wind,  
 For when that you see a fair face that is new,  
 Then to your old lover you'll soon bid adieu.

So maidens I pray mind this paper I write,  
 And don't on a sea-man place your delight;  
 For if that you do, you surely will find,  
 They prove unconstant and change like the wind.



King JOHN and the BISHOP of CANTERBURY.

**I**'LL tell you a jest that lately was done,  
 Concerning the Bishop of Canterbury,  
 Who for his good house-keeping, and his good cheer,  
 Was forced before King John to appear,  
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

What now, Mr. Bishop! 'tis told unto me,  
 That you keep a far better house than we;  
 And if you be a man, a man of renown,  
 You've committed treason against our crown.

If I've committed treason pray let it be known;  
 I'm sure I've spent no body's gear but my own:  
 I hope my Leige, I won't pay too dear,  
 For spending of my own well-won gear.

Mr. Bishop, for thy jesting with me here,  
 Three questions I at thee will spier;  
 And if thou do not answer them aright,  
 Your head from your body shall be taken straight.

First, You must tell me, when on my steed,  
 With a crown of gold upon my head,  
 With all my nobility, joy, and great mirth,  
 You must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

The next you must tell me, without any doubt,  
 How long I'll be riding the world about:  
 And my third question slight you must not,  
 You must tell me, O Bishop what is my thought.



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They are three hard questions for my silly wit,  
And the answer of them I cannot well get ;  
But if that you grant me three days space,  
I will resolve them unto your Grace.

Three days is the longest that thou dost crave,  
Three days is the longest thou hast to live,  
The Bishop took horse and went away home,  
And he met a shepherd who was alone.

Your servant, Sir Bishop, you're welcome home,  
What news have you brought from good King John ?  
Bad news, said the Bishop, I'll ne'er prevail,  
For to take learning at a sheep's tail.

What Mr Bishop, have you not heard yet,  
That a fool may teach a wise man wit ?  
Then said the Bishop, since thou's answer'd me so,  
The whole story to thee I will show.

First, I must tell him upon his steed,  
And a crown of gold upon his head,  
With all his nobility, joy, and great mirth,  
I must tell him to one penny, what he is worth.

Next, I must tell him, without any doubt,  
How long he'll be riding the world about :  
And the third question slight I must not,  
I must tell him, Oh shepherd ! what is his thought.

O wilt thou grant me thy horse and apparel,  
And I'll go to London and answer the quarrel,  
My horse and furniture thou wilt have,  
If that, Mr Shepherd, my life thou wilt save.

The shepherd got on the Bishop's gown,  
And rode away straight for London town ;  
And when he came to that large place,  
He alighted down beside his Grace.

What now, Mr. Bishop, are you come to see,  
Whether you are to live or to die?  
For if that you don't answer me aright,  
Your head from your body shall be taken straight.

Now, first, you must tell me when on my feed,  
With a crown of gold upon my head,  
With all my nobility, joy, and great mirth,  
You must tell me, to one penny, what I am worth.

The next you must tell me, without any doubt,  
How long I'll be riding the world about,  
And my third question slight you must not.  
You must tell me, O Bishop, what is my thought.

Our Saviour for thirty pence was sold,  
Among the Jews both barren and bold;  
And nine and twenty's the whole price of thee.  
I'm sure thou'rt one penny worse than he.

Rise up with the sun, go about with the same,  
And twenty four hours will bring thee again,  
And then I will tell thee without any doubt,  
That thou hast ridden the world about.

Now, the third question, to make you merry,  
Thou thinks I'm the Bishop of Canterbury;  
I am but his Shepherd—the Bishop's at home;  
O pardon, O pardon, O good King John.

The King he turn'd him about with a smile,  
Saying, Thou must be Bishop the other while.  
Oh no! said the shepherd, it must not be so;  
For I cannot read nor knows A, B, C.

Then for thy jesting with me here,  
Three hundred pounds I'll give thee by year,  
You may tell the Bishop, when that you go home,  
You've purchas'd his pardon from good King John.

F I N I S.

